Women's Antagonism To the Suffrage

By Mr. Humphrey Ward.

AFTER sixty years' agitation—for the movement is generally dated in America from the meeting held in New York in July, 1848—the woman-suffrage demand, which during the second third of the nineteenth century was active throughout the States and succeeded in forcing a constitutional amendment in favor of the women's vote in four of the sparsely peopled States of the West, is now in process of defeat and extinction—and that not at the hands of the men, but at the hands of women themselves.

Since 1896, indeed, in five States the suffrage constitutional amendments have been defeated at the polls, and in 1903 the Legislatures of thirteen States rejected woman-suffrage bills of one type or another. School suffrage has been secured for women in twenty-five States, but the striking thing is that the suffrage agitation and the "unwise pressure brought to bear on Legislatures and public officials" have hindered the natural progress of women in this field of work so well suited to them. In two States—Connecticut and Ohio—the abolition of the school suffrage has actually been discussed. School-suffrage votes have been defeated in five States in the last three years, and a bill "requiring that at least one-third of the members of boards of education appointed by mayors should be women was defeated in New York in 1899." This melancholy result—from an English point of view—seems to be mainly due to the general disapproval and opposition which the woman-suffrage movement has excited; so that we have even the untoward fact that at the present moment there is no woman upon either the New York or the Boston Board of Education. The movement has not only failed; it has checked the legitimate development of women's influence in the spheres which most truly belong to them.

By quiet, resolute and slowly strengthening opposition the women of America, then, have defeated the woman-suffrage movement. The same result has now to be achieved in England, and can be achieved if only the women of this country will rouse themselves to the danger before us.—London Times.

Go West, Young Man

By A. P. Anderson.

WHEN "Ambitious" asked the question, "How can a young man without money obtain a college education in the West?" he voiced the inquiry of hundreds of young men who aim to meet the requirements of the age for trained minds.

The colleges, particularly of the West, are answering the question to the satisfaction of scores of their graduates every year. They are inviting others to "come and see." And the young men and women, on the upward climb to success, whose struggles are made easier by the training which these institutions of learning have offered, are loud in their praises of their Alma Mater.

The two qualities which the West demands of its young men and women are perseverance and capacity for work. The colleges of the West are no exception. If "Ambitious" is seeking a royal road to learning, let him spare himself the trouble of crossing the Jersey meadows. If he has pluck and a genuine desire to get his B. A., let him save money enough to pay his fare to some college town of the Middle West—the rest is a matter of time.

One of the smaller colleges should be chosen. Their instruction is excellent, their courses are varied and complete, and the opportunities for personal acquaintance with the instructors are advantageous both intellectually and socially. Their endowment funds enable them to reduce the cost of tuition to a minimum, and many have a special fund from which they loan to needy students, without interest, such amounts as may in the judgment of the Faculty be deserved by applicants. Board may be had at about $2.50 a week, and an excellent room at 75 cents more. Boarding clubs are established by the men to reduce the cost of living. The writer lived in such a club for a year at a weekly expense of not more than $1.50.

The Western measure of a man is based upon what he is, not what he has. The cad or dude has no place among the undergraduates of the West—he comes East.—New York Times.

The Proper Treatment of Wives

By the Rev. J. L. Scudder,
First Congregational Church, Jersey City.

SELFISHNESS is the rock upon which domestic bliss generally goes to pieces. A model husband never plays the tyrant. He treats his wife as an equal, not as a subordinate or slave. Some women are married to bears. Some are caged birds, too sad to sing. Others have that word "obey" eternally thrown at them. Another quality in a good husband is his determination to cultivate cheerfulness and scatter sunshine in his home. He will make himself handy around the house and not expect everything to be done for him. When his wife asks him to mend the sewing-machine, or put new wire on the screen door, he will not pout and say, "That was not down in the marriage contract." He removes burdens wherever he can, and moves around the house like a bearded angel, blessing everything he touches. He overlooks any little weaknesses his wife may posses, instead of calling her a "cross-patch," and then becoming ten times as cross and ugly himself. He sympathizes rather than irritates. He is not always insisting that he is right and his wife is wrong. He is jovial and lenient, and lets the little woman have her own way in many things, always allowing her to have the last word. A good husband also keeps up his courting as long as he lives. He never forgets to tell his wife how much he thinks of her. He speaks words of praise while she is living, and doesn't wait until the funeral to deliver sentiments she cannot hear.

The Butcher's Smock.

The butcher's smock was blue. It looked much neater than the white smocks of his friends all smeared with dried blood. "Every butcher," said the man, "ought to wear a blue smock. Why? Because dry blood won't show on it. Dry blood turns bluish, and on a smock of this color it is invisible. I am descended from a long line of butchers, and from father to son the word has been passed down always to wear, for neatness' sake, a smock of blue."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Immortality.

The doctrine of the endless life is, in all likelihood, as old as man himself. In Egypt, Greece, Rome, India, the philosophers all taught the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The wonderful art of embalming, as practiced among the ancient Egyptians, rested solely upon the notion that the body must be preserved for the return of the spirit, which was to inhabit it through eternity. Christianity emphasized the belief in the endless life, but did not create it.—The American.

GUARDIAN.

His name is Guardian. He's mine.
I don't know just how old.
"Come here, sir! Give your paw!" Oh, yes,
he does what he is told.

"Down, down, I say! Why don't you mind?"
he really has to sun
And jump about a little, lest he's too brimful of fun.

Well,—no. You can't exactly say
he's any special kind.
When I came home from school one day
he followed close behind.

I'm not to speak to stranger dogs,
but though we couldn't play,
That little beast would wag his tail
if I just looked his way!

We tried them at the stable, first—
they didn't need him there;
And Ellen couldn't keep him,
for he "gave her such a scare."

And even Mother thought perhaps
he'd better run away;
But when she saw how thin he was
of course he had to stay.

So then we fed him thoroughly
and made him very clean,
And let him lie beside the door—
outside the door, I mean.

And Sister called him "Wanderer"
the afternoon he came;
Until we thought that "Guardian"
was a politer name.

And now when people come to tea
and sit and talk and eat,
And Fluff and Frill and Guardian
are scrambling at their feet,

And Sister says, "I hope the dogs
are not disturbing you?"
They always pat him with the rest—
at least, they often do.

Of course he's not a pretty dog,
like Sister's Frill or Fluff;—
I like the color of him, though,
that sort of brownish-buff.

His coat is neither rough nor smooth—
it's something just between;
I think he has good-looking eyes,
they're such an honest green!

Of course, he's not a dog-show dog,
he's not the kind, you know;
They never have a single class
in which that dog can go.

But Sister says if love could count,
and looks be just left out,
He'd win a ribbon every year
without the slightest doubt!

—Elsie Hill, in the St. Nicholas.

A SHIFT OF THE WIND.

The small desk from which Pauline pushed away her chair seemed a living menace to her distracted mind.

An hour before she had seated herself with a brave resolution to straighten matter, and now after the worrying hour, heartsick and hopeless over the result, the woman stared in despairing wonder. What should she do?

There lay her little bank book, the pile of neatly arranged bills, her check book, three letters from insistent collection lawyers and, most direful of all, a writ of attachment placed in her hands that very morning by a polite man who wore brass buttons on his vest. This man had surveyed her surprise with an air of benevolent suspicion.

The emptied pigeonholes appeared to glare at her like eyes of reproach; also the red figures in her recently balanced bank book, indicating a sad overdraft. The bank had a dreadful way of accounting for its errors and invariably put her in the wrong. She would not go to the bank. There was only one thing to do.

Opening a drawer Pauline drew out a photograph, gazed at it, moaned like a hurt creature and finally, with smarting eyes, began to tear the card. Her fingers trembled. She could not see for tears.

"I can't," she whispered, dropping the picture. "He is only a memory now, but I can't destroy it. When I am Mrs. Winch—John—oh!"

Her maid was answering the doorbell's clear peal. Pauline's fingers were quick with handkerchief and hair. What on earth did Carson Winch want at this time of day?

"I'm in the library, Mattie," she called, a bit amazed at her steadiness.

"It's Mr. Winch, ma'am," pushing aside the portieres.

"Well, show him in here, I thought it sounded like Mr. Winch. Is he alone?"

"No, ma'am. Another gentleman is with him."

"All right. I'll see them." She pushed the telltale books and papers in a heap and rose to draw a curtain for a softer light. Pauline was nearly twenty-eight and showed it in the sun.

The men came in smiling.

"I've brought Dean Wickham to see you, Miss Allard," said Mr. Winch. "You've heard me speak of him."

"Oh, yes, I am very glad to meet Mr. Wickham." Pauline's hand went out cordially to grasp the clutch of a bronzed, bearded, thick set man, who regarded her admiringly.

"Sit down and get acquainted, you two," said Winch. "I can't stay. I'll get around again before noon and carry him off, Pauline."

There was that in his tone suggestive of proprietorship and familiarity which grated on Pauline's nerves. It was a new note, something more than usual, and the woman felt a pang of resentment. Carson should wait a little longer to pay for that.

Pauline had been quite all winter and spring. The money left by her aunt must be about dissapated, Mr. Winch thought. Pauline had lived on legacies with small doubt of more coming at opportune times. Something always turned up.

Her disregard of consequences could lead to but one end. Her servants had indignant noses. Winch heard rumors and chuckled good naturedly. Pauline was a superior woman. He wanted her and meant to get her. It was merely a question of patience. Lately his reward seemed in his hand. Pauline's negatives lacked the true ring.

After his cheery departure the hostess talked brightly to Wickham and soon had the stranger recounting bits of his history. She liked the man. There was a fine streak of simplicity in his direct, crisp manner.

"Mr. Winch tells me it paid you to wait, grubbing away on that lonesome claim in Alaska," she said.

"Yes, it pays to wait when one has a feeling about it."

"You mean a doubt of the wisdom of leaving a thing?"

"That's it. There have been lots of us," he continued. "I tell you five years makes an awful difference. The isolation, the rough life, the doing for oneself, rarely seeing a woman and never a cultured, refined lady grow a coast of fur, all right. But I've made my pile if I have lost five years of real living. I'm satisfied."

"Surely," said the woman. "Not all are as fortunate."

"That's the worst of it. It is heartbreaking to think of some fellows, gentlemen, you know—confident, eager, impatient, anxious to strike quick luck and to go home with flying colors. They can't wait. They get to roaming, and heaven only knows where some of them land. One loses all trace, but now and then"—He paused for a moment, half smiling.

Pauline Allard had grown pale. Her caller did not notice the droop of the fair head. He went on speaking.

"I've felt mighty sorry for one chap. We were real friendly. He couldn't wait. I took over his little claim for a trifle. It was next to mine. Bless you, it proved the richest dirt of all when I got to working it deep. He was daft on surface finds. And off went my hopeful acquaintance in spite of entreaties. Funny!"

Again he smiled queerly.

"Mr. Winch must be delighted to have you here," remarked Pauline absently. Her thoughts were wandering in a dreary vista of toiling, disappointed men, far from their homes, reckless, proud, the sort that never would come back bearing the brand of failure.

"Oh, Carson, yes," returned Wickham. "He's a decent enough fellow after his fashion—I—I—I beg pardon! There, Miss Allard, you see how a man blunders when he has led such a life as mine—no tact. I meant to say that Winch is a splendid chap personally, but I'm not used to these smart, successful men. We have had considerable correspondence since he heard I was doing well—a school friend, you know, and, of course, interested. Welcomed me royally. I couldn't say too much for Carson. He has been most kind and confidential. I was thinking of him in a business way. We don't exactly agree about investments. That was what I had in mind. Ahem!"

Pauline's amused smile was serenity itself.

"I don't think a gentleman should 'count his chickens' and tell the neighbors, do you?" she asked mischievously.

"Ah! I misunderstood; jumped at conclusions; entirely my fault." Wickham's blood showed redly through his tan, and he stammered.

"You are a delightful bear," observed Pauline placidly. "Maybe I will become Mrs. Winch some day, if that will relieve you. I shan't promise. The wind, however, points in that direction."

They smiled at each other for a few moments, and then Pauline said seriously:

"Mr. Wickham, I like you. I trust you. I am going to ask you a question. What you may surmise will be a secret between us forever."

She stopped at her desk and brought forth the photograph. The man's face set. He was averse to sudden confidences. There was a tenseness in her graceful figure that seemed unnatural. He coughed uneasily.

"I want you to look at this," said Pauline. "I want to know if in your travels you have ever met the original?"

"Let's see it," said Wickham bluntly.

He took the picture, gazed upon it for a full minute and did not lift his eyes.

Meanwhile he fumbled in a pocket and drew out a letter.

"You may read this, dear lady," he said thickly without looking up. "The writer is alive and well. Please sit down."

His head turned from her grasp and glad cry.

"Jack Frederick's girl," he whispered to himself. "My God, she mustn't sob like that."

Presently he went over to her. His touch on her hair was very gentle, his deep voice tender as a woman's.

"You see, he will meet me in New York on Wednesday. He learned of my luck and obtained my address. He says he has 'made good' at last. Yes, it was John Frederick who sold his claim and helped enrich me. Now, if you have read what he has written of his hopes, his prayer to find some one free and glad to see him, you must stop crying."

But Pauline would neither cease her soft weeping nor give up the letter, so Wickham left her and made his way to the door.

From the street he glanced back at the attractive house and tasteful grounds.

"Whew!" whistled he. "I guess I'd better not wait for Carson. There is a New York train in fifteen minutes. If I were not so mighty tickled for Jack, I should feel sort of sorry for Winch."—New Haven Register.

FATE OF A STAGE PRODIGY.

Master Betty, Who It Appears Overstayed His Welcome.

It may interest readers of the Weekly Mail to know that rather over a hundred years ago—in 1807 to be precise—the country was worshipping at the shrine of a twelve-year-old prodigy, a boy actor—the juvenile Henry Irving of his times. While at the height of his fame and popularity this infantile marvel visited among other places Glasgow and Edinburgh, and in both of these towns he is said to have created a hitherto undreamt-of sensation.

The wonderful youngster's name was William Henry West Betty, and he was Irish to the backbone. His histrionic capabilities were evidently born with him, for it is recorded that when at the age of eight his father treated him to his first visit to the theatre young Betty at the conclusion of the play solemnly informed his parent that he had decided to be an actor himself.

How the youngster subsequently came to get a footing on the stage is not known, but in the month of August, 1803, we find him making his first appearance, performing the leading part in a popular drama at a Belfast theatre. He leaped at one bound into the very forefront of popularity, and it is said that on one occasion when he turned ill the whole nation awaited with feverish anxiety the different bulletins which were regularly issued to tell of young Betty's condition.

The boy's first appearance in Glasgow, which happened in May, 1804, created unparalleled enthusiasm in the city during the several nights he performed in the now long defunct Dunlop street theatre. The enormous crowds that flocked to see the wonderful boy were unprecendented in the theatrical history of St. Mungo, and hundreds, it is said, were nightly injured in the great crush and desperate struggle for admission to the theatre. In Edinburgh, where the boy actor afterward appeared, the same enormous crowds rushed to see him. To quote from one of the local papers' criticism, he "set the town in a flame." His subsequent appearance at the world famous Drury Lane completed the prodigy's triumph, for it was not long before the metropolis also succumbed to young Betty's magnetic acting.

But Master Betty's stage success was comparatively short lived. In the course of a few years he—or his parents—compiled an immense fortune, and with the wealth thus speedily accumulated the young actor was given the chance of a first class education. When out of his teens the glamour of the footlights again appeared to have appealed to him, and he again made a bid to regain his position as a popular idol. By this time, however, the people had quite forgotten their former hero, and young Betty had to rest content with only a very ordinary degree of success. He had, so to speak, overstayed his welcome.—Glasgow Mail.

Yes, She Knew.

Lord Houghton's sister was often annoyed at her brother's indiscriminate hospitality.

"Do you remember, my dear," he asked her at dinner one day, "whether that famous scoundrel X—— was hanged or acquitted?"

"He must have been hanged, or you would have had him to dinner long ago," replied the lady.—Tit-Bits.

Early Glass Bottles.

Although glass bottles were made by the Romans as far back as the year 70 A. D., their manufacture was not begun in England until 1558.